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602 So. 2nd
Corvallis, Oregon



Winter 1963

35 Cents

CORVALLIS

Magazine

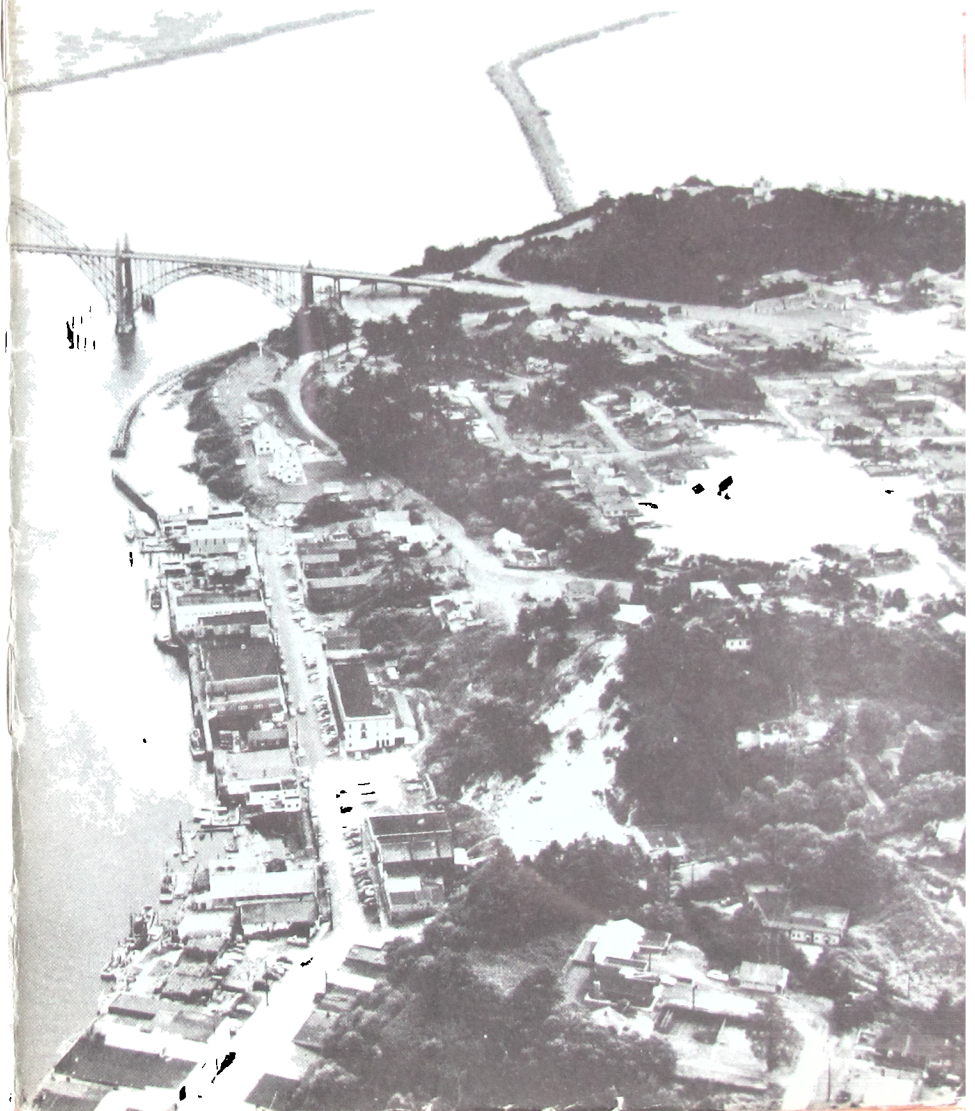
COLLECTOR'S ITEM

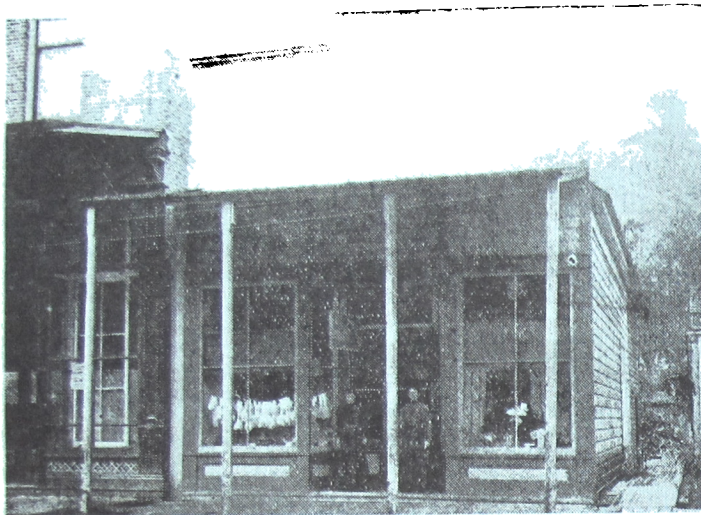
You will want to save your copies of "Corvallis," for in it you will find the most complete record, old and new, of this city and county. The anatomy of a hometown where you live or through which you are passing.

Read the "Corvallis" magazine and you will better appreciate this town and the republic that is America.

"Corvallis"

P. O. Box 122
CORVALLIS, OREGON





Mrs. C. A. Gould's Millinery store in the early 90's. South part of present Blackledge store. The building was owned by Mrs. John Hayes, mother of Aleck and Clyde Hayes and Mrs. Alice Bell.

Wilson's Pet Shop



225 South Second
CORVALLIS, OREGON

"Corvallis"

Vol. II Winter 1963 No. 1

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WANTED - Short articles, old photos, drawings and other appropriate material.

Humbly Yours, by Tom Wilson

ALONG ABOUT 1912, when I was eight or nine, I sometimes rode around town on the college wagon which was driven by Mr. C. A. (Cliff) Gould and pulled by an old sway-backed horse. This riding was a high privilege, because lots of kids would have liked to sit up there so importantly in the driver's seat and to hold the reins while Mr. Gould stopped for an errand, or sometimes even be permitted to drive the rig, whip and all.

Mr. Gould was a pleasant companion to ride with and had three children of his own. His son Vyrle and I were the same age and very close friends. Lois and Vivian were exceptionally pretty girls. Vivian still lives in Corvallis and is now Mrs. Clarence Rawlings. Mr Gould always wore a derby hat and smoked cigars, which was logical enough since he also worked in the cigar factory on Monroe Street between Second and Third. Mrs. Gould was an artist, and I remember that some of her sketches, finished and unfinished, were hung on the walls in their home. I don't seem to remember her, but those sketches and the fact that Vyrle was much better at drawing than I was almost certainly had their effect in influencing me to study art in college, which I did for a number of years.

And riding around with Mr. Gould had influences too. I well remember the first time I saw Ned Myers, and I learned a lesson then. We were parked near the alley at

Second and Madison while Mr. Gould had gone into the bank, and I was holding the reins and feeling mighty important when two boys came out of the alley behind the bank and started across the street. One of them had a few pieces of copper wire in his hands, I think, and it appeared to me that he had something bulky in his pants pockets. This was Ned Myers.

Feeling my power in the driver's seat, I yelled at him, "Hey, kid! What you got in your pockets?"

Ned glowered up at me and strode up to the wagon. "Who wants to know what I've got in my pockets?"

I saw then that besides being bigger than me, he had a fierce gleam in his eyes when riled up. He again shouted up to me, "If you want to find out what I've got in my pockets, come down off that old wagon and I'll show you what I've got in my pockets!"

"I've got to stay up here and hold the horse, or it will run away," I replied in a shaking voice.

Ned gave me a disgusted look



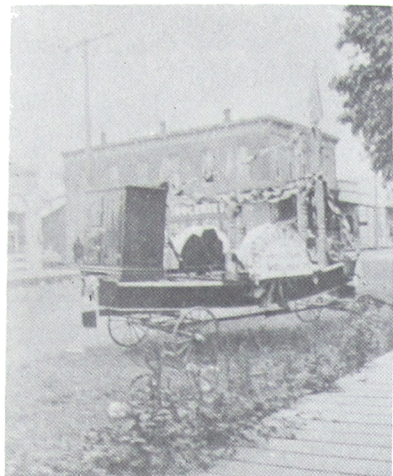
NED MYERS. IN 1919

and walked on across the street into the alley behind the Occidental hotel. And then I knew I had a yellow streak in me and was just about as big a coward as a kid could be. Through the years I've thought of this incident often, for no doubt this self-acknowledged yellow streak has kept me from getting my block knocked off on numerous occasions.

Later Ned and I became good friends. He was a star football player in high school days, and I remember a small incident from that time too. We were both in Vera Humphrey's English class and had to read a whole book and write a review of it. As I was always reading books, Ned asked me to suggest a good one for him, or, better yet, lend him one. I brought him *THE DEERSLAYER*, by James Fenimore Cooper, and he wrote his review about that.

Ned has been with the Railway

Express company for many years, and I see him often in conducting my small business. But I've never asked him again what he had in his pockets that day fifty or more years ago. ☺



PARADE FLOAT ON SECOND ST.
NEAR ADAMS, ABOUT 1900?
PHOTO COURTESY OSU ARCHIVES.



FARM WAGON AT CORNER OF SECOND AND MADISON, ABOUT 1912.
PHOTOGRAPH BY COURTESY OF JOE WEST, CORVALLIS HOTEL.



CORVALLIS EXPANDS NORTH

THIS picture from the top of Garfield Street (behind the Catholic cemetery), taken Jan. 20, 1963, shows the growth of Corvallis northward toward the hills. Many of our subscribers who now live in other states will remember this part of town as mud flats and duck hunting swamps. Some of the new houses in this neighborhood are in the \$35,000 to \$60,000 class, although most sell for about \$15,000.

New streets are being opened up continually, and an 8-acre supermarket is being constructed near the end of the old King's road. The other King's Road is now called -Highland Way, and it is building up all the way north to Lewisburg. The main junior high school is directly west of the old Abe King farmhouse.

"Corvallis" is printed at Fairplay, north three miles on U.S.20 and a few hundred yards south of

the Children's Farm Home. This district is growing rapidly and, after having lived here 20 years, we still think it is the best spot in the Willamette valley. Fairplay got its name from the racetrack, said to have been the first one in the Northwest, that was located here.

Although Corvallis is growing at a high rate, the in-migration for the state as a whole is said to be less than the out-migration to other states. Corvallis also has the highest per-family income of any city in Oregon and the lowest rate of unemployment.

Growth has brought some disadvantages too. There are 9 or 10 empty stores along Main Street (Second). And there is the traffic problem. On the day of the last OSU homecoming football game, the Van Buren bridge bottleneck caused cars to be held up for about 10 miles eastward to highway 99E.



LOOKING EAST FROM TOP OF GARFIELD STREET HILL, 1963

CHIEF OF POLICE HENRY ROBINSON

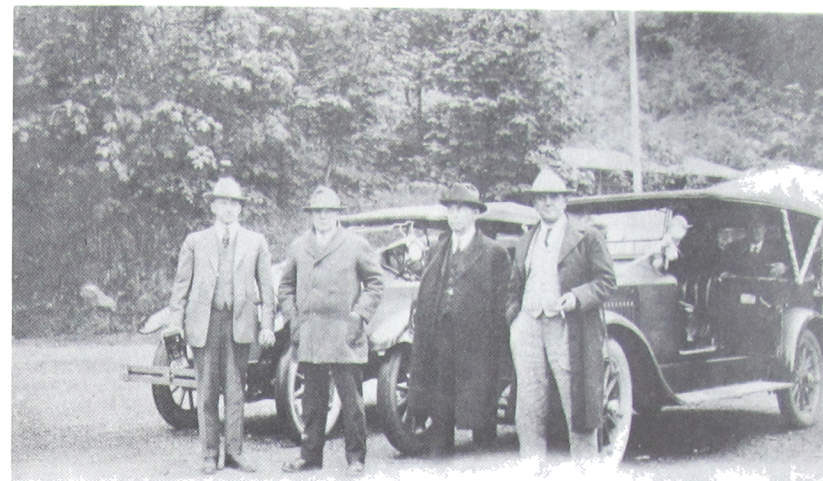
By Velma Robinson

HENRY ROBINSON served as Chief of Police of Corvallis for 12 years during the bootleg days and into the late 1920's. During one year we had three murders connected with the liquor traffic and gambling, making our murder rate for that year higher than that of Chicago, so it was said. Under the Local Option law Corvallis became "dry" in 1910, but liquor could legally be brought in from other places. After 1918, however, all liquor was illegal, except for medical or religious purposes. Drinking continued as usual, however, and the lawbreakers included some of the most prominent people in town. This situation made law enforcement almost impossible, and made the lot of the police difficult indeed.

Henry Robinson was born in

1868 at Little Rock, Arkansas. When he was 14 his family moved to Nevada county, on the Texas border, where Mr. Robinson lived until he was 22 years old. He was married to Dora Fuller in Texarkana in 1888. After spending a few years in western Washington, he came to Oregon, living on a farm four miles south of Philomath until 1899, when he moved to Corvallis. He engaged in the transfer business in Corvallis for a time and then moved to Alsea where he spent 10 years, returning to Corvallis in the fall of 1913.

Henry and Mrs. Robinson raised a family of six sons and two daughters, and they also raised one of their granddaughters. One son, George, died in 1945, and Mrs. Robinson in 1953. Mr. Robinson has been a semi-invalid for the past five years and unable to get around town to talk politics with his old friends. ☞



LEFT TO RIGHT: BOB HUNTER, HENRY ROBINSON, BOB JOHNSON, NAP WAGNER.



CHIEF ROBINSON DISPLAYS CONTRABAND WHISKEY STILLs ON COURTHOUSE LAWN.



Ray Bethers Remembers When --

IT MUST HAVE been when I was about ten years old, which would also have been about 1912. I'm not quite sure of the date, and it doesn't much matter, anyway. At that time I lived on the corner of Ninth and Jackson streets, and the railroad tracks from Portland came down the middle of Ninth street.

Madison street, Monroe street, Jackson street—this parade of American presidents is still a help to jog my memory, historically, that is. I wonder if the streets added to the north of town have reached Kennedy street? I hear that Corvallis has grown a great deal, and if so, what streets are north of Kennedy?

To come back to that momentous

day in 1912: first I heard the fire bell on the City Hall, and then I heard the fire engine coming down the street. This was a huge and shiny steam pumper, drawn by two horses which were stabled in the town hall. The engine was a bit old fashioned even then, and there was talk of getting a new motor driven fire truck, but, as usual, the city fathers didn't want to spend the money.

Anyway, here it came, turning off Madison onto Ninth, smoke belching, lurching around the corner on two wheels, with the black and white fire department dog out ahead. Volunteer firemen were hanging on everywhere, putting on slickers and helmets as they



HOOK AND LADDER WAGON, ABOUT 1913

went along. I suppose that Tom Graham, the fire chief, had already gone on ahead in his own car, so as to be first at the fire.

I stopped at the corner of Ninth and Monroe, waiting to see which way the fire engine would go. I soon found out. The galloping horses turned off Ninth street, then up Monroe street toward college hill. They must have turned too sharply, however, and the fire engine skidded sideways across the street. With a screech of iron-shod wheels on pavement, the engine hit the curbing, leaned sideways, and then tipped over with a crash.

I was aghast. The skies rained firemen. In fact, I think I was more astonished than the firemen who were just falling through space.

Then Tom Graham's training came to the fore. It seemed that no one was hurt, so jumping up,

the firemen gave a mighty heave all together, and the engine was again right side up, still belching smoke from its shining boiler.

After untangling the harness, off up the hill they went again.

Not far, however. Because before they had gone hardly a hundred yards, one of the frightened horses stumbled a bit, faltered, and fell down dead!

At first there didn't seem much that the hardy firefighters could do about a dead horse. But at that very moment unexpected help appeared.

Jim Howard (who lived just across the street from where I lived) came slowly around the corner driving his two-horse dray. After a short discussion, Jim's two horses were soon harnessed to the fire engine, and off they went again, on up Monroe street to the fire on college hill.

After such a hectic beginning,



EARLY AUTOMOBILE WITH FIREMEN IN FRONT OF CITY HALL, ABOUT 1913. THE FIRE ENGINE AND HOSE TRUCKS WERE PULLED BY HORSES AT THIS TIME. MAN STANDING SECOND FROM LEFT IN BACK WAS FRED STUTZ JOE WILSON IS THE ONE ON REAR OF MOTORCYCLE

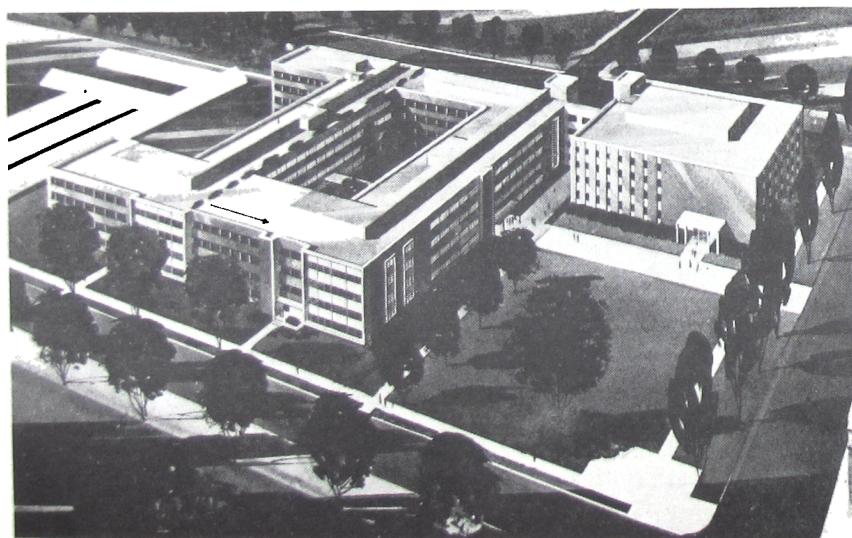
the end of this story is rather a let-down. There wasn't any fire! It was a false alarm!

Come to think of it, if anyone wants to know exactly when this happened, I'm sure the date is recorded in the city records, because it was not long after this that the city fathers voted the money for a new, big, red, shiny "automobile" fire engine. I can see it now, as on that first day, standing proudly on exhibition on Second street, with "Corvallis Fire Department No. 1" in gold leaf letters on each side.

One might think the story ends here, but it doesn't, not quite. It may (or may not) have been pure coincidence, but on the very evening of the new fire engine's first day in town, fire broke out in a long-unused prune dryer down by the river. ☞



"DEKE" BELL, PROJECTIONIST AT CRYSTAL THEATER, ABOUT 1918. THEATER WAS LOCATED IN PRESENT KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS HALL, 2ND ST. SIGN STATES THE ADMISSION WAS 10 CENTS. PHOTO COURTESY OF FRANK MCMANUS.



Soon to be constructed are the two new units of Cordley Hall, biological science building on campus. The two units will total about \$4,200,000. Dotted line shows present building (left) and new wings.

A FAMOUS SHOOTING CASE

By Laura Pratt

Editor's Note: Laura Pratt is the daughter of E. W. S. Pratt who was for many years a jeweler and optician on Second Street next door north of the Zierolf building. She taught art for several years at the Chicago Conservatory of Fine Arts. Miss Pratt now lives in Corvallis.

MY BROTHER Howard, who for years operated a machine shop in Corvallis (selling out to Milton Mater) recalls that he and my other brother Ed, who was in the jewelry business on Second Street, were seated in the old Groves' opera house, where a stock company was having a show. During the performance they noticed a boy named Peg Keady sitting near them. He was known to be a leader of a small gang who had been doing some robbing of stores.

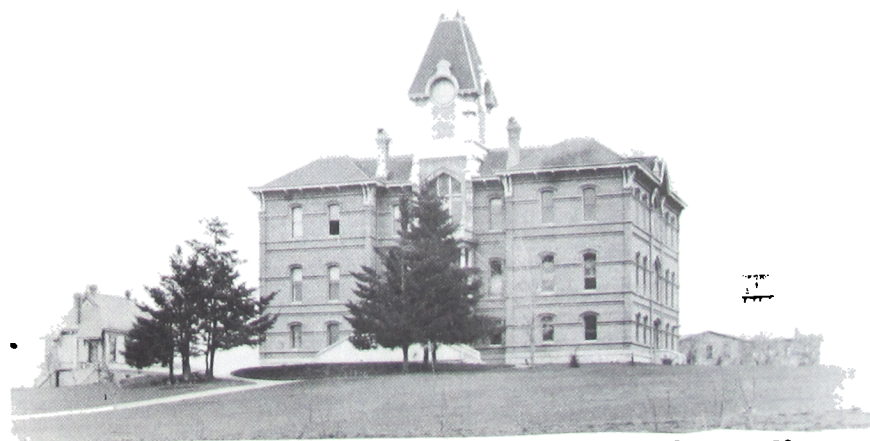
All of a sudden a youth came up the aisle and, paying no attention to the fact that a show was going on, called out to Keady to come out, saying that the sheriff was outside and ready to "get him."

Keady immediately rose, drew a gun and went out. He met the sheriff, Telt Burnett, and a deputy named Dunn. Dave Osburn, who at that time, was the city night watchman, was there too.

Keady started shooting. Bullets struck Osburn in the neck and Dunn in the stomach. Sheriff Burnett received powder burns that he carried to the end of his life.

The sheriff called to my brother Ed to get the gun from father's jewelry store. With this he fired at Keady, killing him.

This was a celebrated case in Corvallis, as the Keady boy belonged to a respected family. One of the other members of this gang was the son of the Chief of Police at that time. ☞



EARLY VIEW OF BENTON HALL. PHOTOGRAPH COURTESY OF OSU ARCHIVES.

The *News* was the first Corvallis high school newspaper. The type was hand set and printed on an old platen press by students of the printing class. Later the name was changed to *High-O-Scope*.

Some staff members of the *News* became printers. Bert Lilly became a newspaper pressman. Hobart Gove is a Linotype expert and now heads that department of the *Corvallis Gazette-Times*. Paul Chambers became a type compositor, and now heads this department of the *Albany Democrat-Herald*. Ray Bethers, who drew the sketch of the old high school building at Sixth and Madison, has been in the commercial art, advertising, writing, and publishing businesses continually since that time. ●

THE NEWS

VOLUME I CORVALLIS, OREGON, APRIL 17, 1919.

NUMBER 8.

April First

When is an April Fool prank a Joke?

A gang of rowdies attending High School attempted to show us when and where, but did they succeed? A great deal could be said of their method of showing us, but in a number of plain words it was a crude, ribald attempt, thoroughly showing that the participants were persons of a perverted sense of humor

Names for H. S. Paper

The following names have been handed in as names for the H. S. Paper: The Lantern, High School News, Buzzer, Stinger, Yellow Jacket, C. H. S. Kodak, Echo, Alert, Listening Post, Reporter, H. S. Gem, Headlight, Herald, Trumpet, Star Comet, Thursday Climax, Sentinel High-o-Scope, and Corvallis Hi Times.

C. H. S. Takes Fourth Place

Corvallis High School takes 4th place at Columbia Meet. Rands was high man

Office News

School is in a downtown and the grounds and some

President Averill's Installation Speech

Students of our next meeting. The Girls will hold the State Conference here in the near future. The girls elected Miss Rea Cramer as faculty member.

Locals

Edward Hunsburger is now at work in the paper mills at Oregon City. Mildred Love, a Junior, was out of school last week on account of poison oak and judging from what Mildred says it can't be very funny. Esther Balderree was out of school last Monday afternoon and Tuesday morning. We failed to find out just why she was out of school.

Freshmen Hold Party

The class of '22 held their annual Rook Party, March 28 '19.

The auditorium was artistically decorated in maroon and white, the Rook colors. It was arranged in cafe style with the tables separated from the main hall by ribbons of the colors hanging from the balcony. The stage was also decorated in palms and ferns.

Punch was served throughout the evening, and during the programme ice cream and cake were served by eighth grade girls from the different schools.

The programme was short but very good and consisted of — Selections by the Rook orchestra, reading by Helen Humphrey, violin solo by Ned Myers, and a vocal solo by Rachel Huntington.

It was a very amusing sight to see some of the Rook boys come in with their faces slightly blacker than usual.

Games were played before and after the programme and everyone enjoyed a very pleasant evening.

Soph. Party Exciting

The Sophomore party was given Friday school and despite the

Stella Jordan was visiting us last Wednesday. Stella hasn't been going to school this semester as she had the "flu" the first of this semester.

Miss Evelyn Whiteman, an Oregon girl, was with us Wednesday afternoon. Evelyn isn't very well known here, but we are sure glad to have her with us. We want more "Locals." If you see quality visiting school find out who they are and let us know about it. If anyone has any news

Track News Encouraging

Track work is progressing nicely with about thirty men working out daily. There are no phenoms showing up as yet but the material is of such a nature that it will develop and in time will make a track team that will properly represent our High School.

There are a number of meets on the schedule for this year. The first one was April 12. The Columbia annual indoor meet in Portland.

Next is the Pacific coast interscholastic meet to be held here at Corvallis under the auspices of the College on May 3. The following week the State Interscholastic meet will be held in Eugene. Now these are big meets are something to look for.

THE NEWS

Published and printed by the Printing Class of the Corvallis High School.

EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor	Edward Belt '19
Asst. Editor	Horace Dryden '21
Manager	Paul Chambers '21
Press Foreman	Hobart Gove '21
Asst.	Bertie Lilly '21
Locals	Victor Johnson '19
Society	Sidney Reichart '20
Athletics	Robert Ball '20
Class News	Walter Scherer '20
Instructor	A. R. Nichols

Does H. S. Education Pay

In his recent address before the student body, Dr. Fry said that, getting out of our high school in it, we are getting

THE NEWS

ing capacity.

Let us weigh ourselves on this scale. Are we as industrious as the average American high school students?

If we are above the average our pay will be above the average; if below it will be less in proportion to how far we are below the average.

the capturing, when the Sophomores began to gather in numbers. This fighting and painting went on until about 8:30 when the Sophomores went in and the doors were locked. Games were played and enjoyed until about 10:30. At that time refreshments were served and I say again that these were enjoyed all the more perhaps because the boys had tried all evening to get them. After the refreshments were served the boys formed a serpentine and met the Rooks. The Rooks were very



FURY and the Mellow

From Our Readers

Dear Editor Wilson:

In your Autumn edition I find an error in the name of one of the Boy Scouts. In the front row you have #6 as Ralph Lilly. This is not my deceased husband Ralph but his cousin Bert Lilly.

Hazel M. McNeill
Merrill, Oregon.

Dear Editor Wilson:

Answering your question as to the year the Willamette river froze over, it is my opinion that it was during the winter of 1885-1886. What brings it so vividly to mind stems from the fact that I was attending O.A.C. that winter and was boarding at the home of Dr. Farra, who owned the city water works at that time. It was an extremely cold winter, with about 1½ feet of snow and the roads were practically impossible to travel for the reason that the snow was coated with a very heavy coat of ice, and the old water tower (east of the present location of the postoffice) was a sight to behold.

Mention of the water tower brings to mind another incident that made history, at least as far as I am concerned. The only domestic water supply that Corvallis had for many years was taken from the Willamette by pump and stored in the aforesaid tower. During the year 1898 or 1899, a tragic typhoid epidemic hit Corvallis, and dozens of people died

as a consequence. I laid at death's door myself for five months, having been stricken in July and did not get out of bed until December. No such thing as a hospital. The trouble was finally attributed to the untreated water supply and, like many other or similar cases, it forced construction of the water system which gets its supply from the mountains near Mary's Peak.

John A. Gellatly
Wenatchee, Washington.

Dear Editor Wilson:

I knew your father and uncles just casually, as I knew a lot of people who did not know me. I worked in the old mill (Friendly's) when in town and boarded at the Gillett boarding house just across the street from the courthouse, and often heard the old clock strike at night before I went to sleep. Mr. S. L. Shedd had loaned Mr. Friendly some money, and when the crash came he took an interest in the old sawmill for his part. The rest of us owners chose him to run the business, and we never could have found a better man for the job. He taught school there before this, and he told me that your uncle Lafe was wonderful with figures—said he figured out how much could be made farming and showed him how to get rich that way. As I remember, Lafe rented a farm and tried it, but it did not work out with his figures, as he went broke farming.

I like your little magazine and feel that it will be a good thing for



SECOND STREET BETWEEN ADAMS AND JEFFERSON, ABOUT 1907. PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN FROM OLD WATER TOWER NEAR RIVER. PICTURE COURTESY OF EARL HARRIS.

you and the town too, as you will dig up a lot of information that us late comers (of 1888) never heard of before.

A. W. Morgan
Portland, Oregon.

Dear Editor Wilson:

I got a real charge out of reading the various articles, especially the one on the Boy Scouts. I can well remember most of the boys who were in the picture.

Clarence R. Rands
Sitka, Alaska.

Dear Editor Wilson:

"Corvallis" is getting better and better. I particularly liked the way you wrote "Humbly Yours".....

I'm glad to see that Corvallis once had a *brewery*, as per the town band photo.

Ray Bethers
London, England.

Dear Editor Wilson:

I can't tell you how much I appreciate your magazine, and will

look forward to many more issues. I have fond memories of Corvallis, where I lived for many years.

Many of the old buildings were there when I lived there. My father worked for Hodes and Hall's Bakery and was the one who started the serving of coffee and bakery goods there. He then bought a Chinese restaurant and operated it many years. This was located between a barber shop on one side and Small's bakery on the other. Thomas Whitehorn's saloon was next to the bakery.

The Salvation Army sang every day in front of the saloon, and Creffield, of Holy Roller fame, who was with the Army to begin with, distributed the "War Cry" in our cafe.

Meals were 25 cents, no matter what you ordered—soup, dessert, large steaks, Yaquina Bay oysters, side of eggs, or what have you. Con Christiansen, who graduated from O.A.C. tells me the students' idea of a fine treat was going down to

Chipman's Cafe every week end and getting a Yaquina Bay oyster fry, and I think they certainly had a good idea.

Laura Chipman
Newport, Oregon.

Dear Editor Wilson:

It's nice to see the plug for Ikhnaton in "Corvallis."

But I couldn't quite call Robert E. Lee a "traitor." He could be that only if Virginia had no right to secede, and if you study that argument closely I think you'll see that the United States was formed as a voluntary union, with a very clear right to secede. In fact, that is why Lee fought for the South: he felt he would be a traitor if he went against the legally correct action which his state had taken.

The irony of all this is terrific—for Lee wanted Virginia to stay within the U. S., and he had already freed many of his slaves.

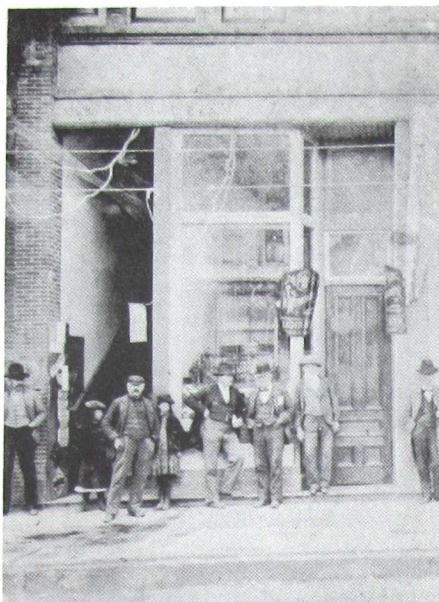
Tertius Chandler
Gothenburg, Sweden.

Editor's Note:

Historian Chandler shows us another view of this tragic controversy. However, it's hard to contemplate an America without the South. Fortunately the North won the war, and slavery was ended suddenly and forever.

The memory of Robert E. Lee is respected everywhere; now it is time for the Southern (and Northern) racists to begin respecting Abraham Lincoln also.

IDEAS WANTED to make "Corvallis" a better magazine. Write, Box 122, Corvallis, or drop in at 225 So. 2nd St., Corvallis.



Early 1900's on Second Street. This saloon is now part of Gerdling's grocery store in the Zierolf building. The man with hand on hip and bent knee is your Editor's father, Joseph Hamilton Wilson. Next to him, wearing derby hat, is M. S. Woodcock, longtime banker. The older man with white beard is Ansel Adams. Emmett Taylor's dentist office was upstairs.

At this time the J. H. Wilson law office was upstairs in the Burnett building, at corner of Second and Jefferson. Dr. Farra's office was also upstairs in this building.

On the ground floor were the E. B. Horning grocery store and the J. H. Harris department store.

The Hon. John Burnett was a pioneer criminal lawyer, a state legislator, and later a state Supreme Court justice.

The Star Trading Center occupies this building now.

A PIONEER LEGEND

By Mrs. Ruth Lines Motley

FROM the Starr-Belknap community settlement in southern Benton county comes the following story, said to have been told by the Hon. W. C. Hawley over half a century ago:

When the early settlers came in 1848 they found the Indians who lived among the nearby hills claiming the area as their hunting ground. The white people built their homes here and began farming and stock raising. The best drinking water in the vicinity was obtained from a hillside spring a mile or so west of today's Bell-fountain.

One day one of these pioneer women, "Aunt Hanner" by name, while at the spring for a bucket of water, met an Indian mother there with a very sick child. She took the child in her arms and told the mother what to do for it. She had helped to cure this Indian babe, for which its mother was very thankful. The native woman said that anything she could do for the white woman would not be enough to pay for "Aunt Hanner's" kindness.

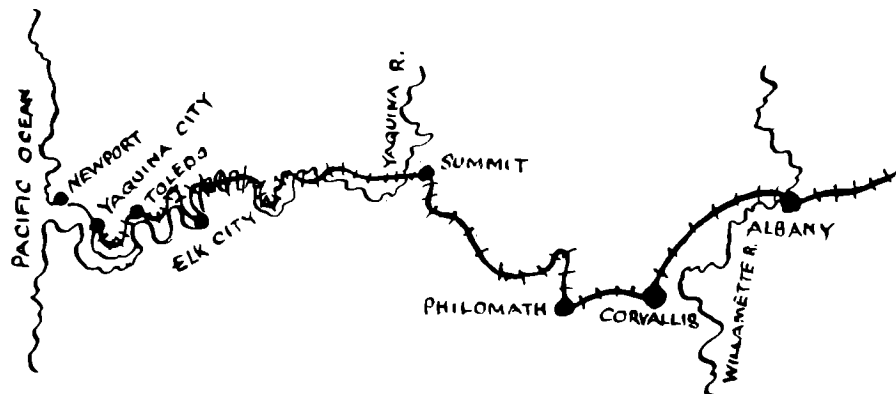
Months later, in the fall (about 1852) when the deer season was on, the game was not so plentiful as usual and the Indians decided that the presence of the white settlers had scared the animals away from the hunting grounds. The Indians felt that they must have revenge and planned to massacre the whites or run them out of the country. They set the time for the

raid in the dark of the moon, one hour after midnight.

That evening when "Aunt Hanner" went for her pail of water she saw the bushes moving near the spring and there was the mother of that sick child. "What do you want?" she asked in surprise. The Indian woman motioned that no one should hear. The white woman promised and was told of the plan to kill the settlers. "Don't tell, or they will kill me," she pleaded. But the neighbors were told. They got together, surprised the Indians when they came and drove them out of that vicinity. ☪



INDIAN PAPOOSE, 1900. PHOTOGRAPH BY COURTESY OF OSU ARCHIVES.



THE CORVALLIS & FRUSTRATION RAILROAD

By Tom Wilson

PART 4 FRIGID CELESTIALS

Editor's Note:

The building of the railroad from Corvallis to the Yaquina Bay cost the stockholders 15 million dollars, and when the enterprise went bankrupt for the last time it was sold by the sheriff for only \$100,000.00. Hard luck, such as came during the winter of 1884, hastened the disaster.

The following account of that frustrating winter is reprinted from David A. Fagan's HISTORY OF BENTON COUNTY, published in 1885:

"Every effort was made to insure the completion and opening of the road between Corvallis and Yaquina by October 14, 1884, the date specified in the charter. But the elements were against it, and it was the second week in December before the day could be fixed on which the last spike could be driven, at a point near Harris'

Mill, on Mary's river, about 15 miles from Corvallis. The invitations to the Governor, and other State officials, and to other friends of the enterprise, to grace the ceremony with their presence, were in the act of being issued, when the terrible snow storm of December, 1884, set in without warning. For three days and nights it snowed without intermission, until through the Summit district there was the most unusual depth of 24 inches on the level. Then came 12 hours thaw and rain, which set the rivers running full, and then it froze hard again. This resulted in an icy covering an inch thick being formed over the snow. The roads and trails became absolutely impassable, while the mingled snow and ice in the rivers carried down large quantities of driftwood, both brush and logs. Then the temporary work on some ten or twelve of the bridges was partly dis-

placed, thus disabling the engines from keeping the line open as far as laid, and cutting off supplies by the railroad.

"No provision had been made by the contractors for supplying food to both white and Chinese forces for such a state of things. In three days time the stock of provisions in the camps was running very low, and in less than a week it was exhausted. It should be observed that another, and sufficient reason for the shortness of supplies, was that in view of the rapidly approaching completion of the grade orders had already been given for largely decreasing the number of white, and, still more largely, of Chinese laborers.

"Thus about the twentieth of December the position of the Managers of the road in Corvallis was that about 2,500 men were depending on them for subsistence, and stretched over upwards of 70 miles of country—with not even a trail open for their supply, and the weather continuing of the most

inclement description.

"So hard a situation demanded strong and immediate remedy.

"Mr. Wm. Hoag, the General Manager, was out on the road, with the track-laying force, as he had been for two months past. He pioneered the way in to Corvallis, breaking the track over nearly twenty miles of snow and ice. He organized relief parties at Philomath and started out a supply of flour, sugar, coffee, etc., on sledges hauled by men. Further supplies were at once forwarded from Corvallis in a similar way. The General Manager returned to the front, packing about thirty pounds weight of tobacco on his back, for the men—and starting, over the same rough road, in a blinding snow storm. Even when the rice and flour was, by great exertions, delivered within three or four miles of the Chinese camps, these Mongolians could not be persuaded to venture from their camps to fetch the food in. They had to be driven out by main force for this



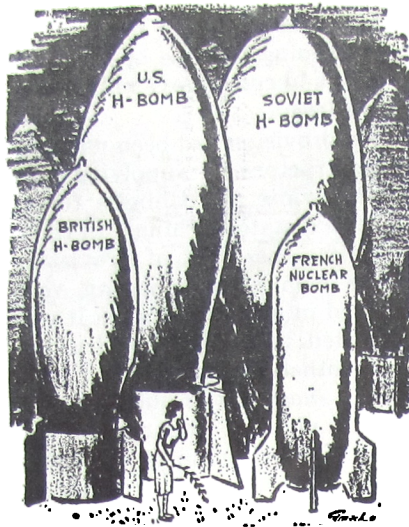
OREGON PACIFIC WHARF AT YAQUINA CITY. PHOTO COURTESY OF OSU ARCHIVES.

purpose, and had they have been left to themselves they would have preferred to rot and die in their camps.

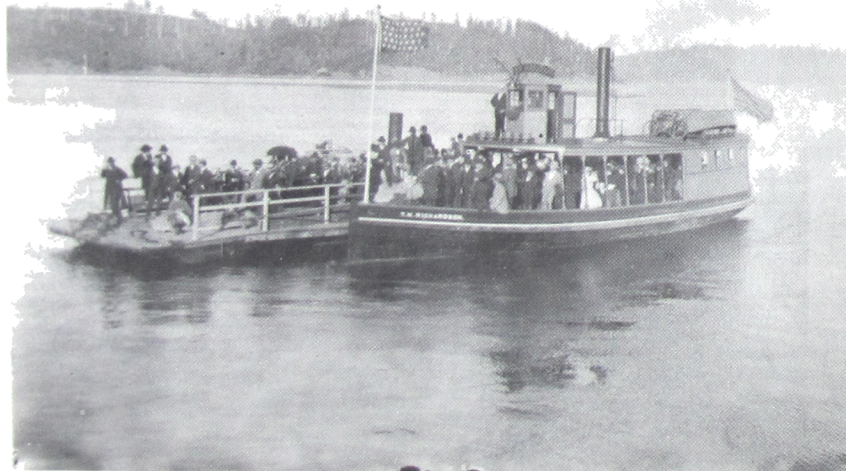
"In a few days time horse sleds were substituted for the hand sleighs; the supply of provisions at once became comparatively easy and the snow and sleet gave place to bright frosty days. Tracklaying was at once resumed, and on December 31, 1884, at 3 P. M., Mr. Wm. M. Hoag had the solid satisfaction of driving the last spike.

"With this ceremony ends really the history of the construction of the Corvallis and Yaquina division of this railroad."

(TO BE CONTINUED)



Carmack in the Christian Science Monitor
"And it's all for my protection—
so they say."



EXCURSION BOAT AND SKOW ON YAQUINA BAY CARRYING PASSENGERS FROM NEWPORT TO YAQUINA CITY, WHERE THEY WILL BOARD THE TRAIN TO CORVALLIS.

EARLY MONROE

(Submitted by the Benton County Junior Historical Society of Western View junior high school.)

MONROE started in 1853 as a sawmill built by Joseph and David White on a donation land claim on the Long Tom river. Joseph and Comfort Dimick located in 1842 on the west side of the Muddy river between Alpine and McFarland, and likely were the first settlers in southern Benton county.

In 1847 Clayton Hinton and his son Roland took up adjoining claims just north of the present site of Monroe. Then came the arrival of the Starr-Belknap-Gilbert group of families who settled west and north of present day Monroe. Clyde Starr, who lives two miles northwest of Monroe now, had four sets of grandparents come over the plains in the 1840's, and he estimated that about 250 members of the Starr family came west by wagon train. One group went to California and all the others settled in Oregon, many around Monroe.

The first postoffice was established April 22, 1852, at the home of Samuel Starr, and it was called Starr's Point. This was just north of the present town, at the point where a ridge reaches down to the Long Tom river. Starr built his home there in 1850, and in 1851 the building that housed the post-office and later the school.

White's sawmill was built just north of the place where highway 99W now crosses the Long Tom

river. After the timber was cut the mill became a flour mill in 1857. Bryant and Foster's grist mill was at Beaver Creek in 1854, and it moved to replace the sawmill and use the Long Tom for its power source. Tom Reader was the operator. At first it ground five bushels of wheat an hour, but in 1866 new machinery was installed and then 45 bushels an hour could be ground.

At first Monroe was noted for flour and socks. The farmers' wives knitted heavy socks which they traded to the Monroe store for groceries. Then the socks were sold under the name of Long Tom Socks in the mining districts. At one time Monroe was called "Lick Skillet." The reason for this name is not known for sure. Later it was named for the fourth President, James Monroe. There are two versions as to how Long Tom river got its name. Some say it was from "Long-ta-buff," the name of the Indians who lived along its banks. Others say that the stream, without any bridges then, presented a problem in crossing it. The Long Tom, they say, got its name from a tall man named Tom who could cross it while shorter men could not.

Monroe grew steadily and it was on the stage route that traveled the Territorial Road through the town. Highway 99W follows this road to Monroe and then branches east. The old Territorial route went south to Cheshire, then to Anlauf and on toward California.

Monroe's first bank opened in 1911 and the little town was incorporated in 1914.

The Monroe area was almost the site of a Civil War battle, which would have been the only one in Oregon. Many southerners had come to this area, and in 1861 when word came of the secession, Morrison Richardson, who had settled north of Monroe, wanted to add this territory to the Confederacy. Ransom Belknap, Chatham Hawley and Noah Starr got their northern friends together, and there were about 120 men favoring the Union. The two groups met at Monroe, armed. There was much talk, but no shooting. Richardson's men went home and there was no more talk of secession.

The 95-ton sternwheeler ran up the Long Tom river to Monroe to

load wheat and flour. Three times in the year 1900 the "Gypsy" came to Monroe. She was brought up there to try to beat down the railroad freight rates. Congressman Willis C. Hawley had to get a \$3,000 grant from the government to improve the channel so the "Gypsy" could come up the Long Tom from the Willamette river. Bundys' Bridge was replaced by a drawbridge, and Pfout's Bridge was replaced by a ferry. When the "Gypsy" arrived with its loud whistle, people came from everywhere and schools were dismissed. The last trip was in March, before the water lowered. On this last trip the bow caught on rocks below the mill dam and the "Gypsy" nearly ended at Monroe. That was its last trip. ☹️



EARLY VIEW AT SECOND AND ADAMS, LOOKING SOUTH. PHOTOGRAPH COURTESY OF EARL HARRIS

FROM THE EDITOR'S ALBUM



This snapshot of your editor was sent to us recently by old friend Wayne Harralson, of Compton, California.

The year was 1922; place, Second and Monroe. Banjo was an Orpheum with 13-inch head.

The suit was pretty sharp then. Tight, bell-bottomed trousers. The coat had large "flap" pockets. One button, chest high. The coattails were slit up the back almost to the shoulder blades.

Across the street was the Mar Wong Chinese noodle joint. This was popular with the after dance crowd, and if a fellow didn't have his own flask he could get one out of the woodpile behind.

Mar Wong was a tall, swarthy Chinese from the north of China. A pleasant man, not young. One night he stabbed his wife dead all over the kitchen and then stabbed himself and died on one of the cafe tables.

Corvallis had several public dances a week at this time, all with live music. There were no juke boxes.

Live orchestras also played at mealtimes at Wagner's Cafe and at Tarpley's, where the Campus Store is now. Sometimes an orchestra also played in the balcony at the Peacock on Second St., which was also owned by Mr. Tarpley.

On one occasion the Peacock orchestra played steadily for three days and nights, with various musicians dropping in from time to time to "jam." Some could play 200 to 300 dance tunes from memory, mostly Dixieland, and mostly pretty good.

Lillian McElroy Hunt Taylor played the big pipe organ at the Whiteside theater.

Corvallis had a number of "professional" musicians at that time. That is, fellows who didn't do anything else, such as work. Today there are none. ●